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IS THE COLONEL A REGULAR OR INSURGENT?

The fact that Colonel Roosevelt, in a measure, has allied himself with the so-called Insurgents, has had something of the effect upon the old liners that the going of Delany into Johnson's corner had upon Jeffries: It has rather disconcerted them. Just when the sky seemed brightest and the white winged dove of peace seemed hovering over all, the Colonel breaks out in brand new political livery, and joins another parade. Well you can never tell just what he is going to do and perhaps the very uncertainty of this fact is the one thing that gives him a hold upon the hearts of the American people. This much may be said, he usually gets results, even though he chooses divers and various methods to obtain them.

Over in Ohio, Hon. James R. Garfield has let it be known, without modification, that he is an insurgent of the deepest dye and has no apology to offer therefor. Ohio was not in any too promising a condition politically before this insurgent wave swept over her borders and certainly this last move on the part of the "progressive" Republicans has not served to clarify the condition in the least. Ohio is not so rockribbed that she never changes her mind. Every once in a while she does the political "flop" and unless matters can be smoothed over, and that right soon, the political rainbow of promise will not be seen to arch itself in very clear relief across her sky. Ohio has her hands full fighting a common enemy, but when she faces the situation of having a split in her own party ranks, the task is doubled, the danger of defeat increased and the chances for victory do not appear so bright.

LYNCH LAW.

The Newark lynching is replete with a lesson to the American people. As long as these depredations did not strike home, that were winked at and adroitly [illegible]nced, but the shoe is on the foot now and has begun to pinch. The spirit of summary justice, which found expression in the far West at a time when the strong arm of the law reached not that far, worked its way into the southland where it numbered its victims among the Negroes by the hundreds, with no redress save "flaunts" and "dares." That same spirit because it was not checked by operation of law in its incipiency, has spread like wildfire until now it finds expression anywhere within the limits of the United States. It is indeed a sad state of affairs when the enforcement of law is so disregarded that human life and property are below par. There was never a greater truism than that uttered by the Great Divine when he said: "Whatsoever a man sows, that also shall he reap." The application is clear here.

DEMOCRATS' HOPE OF VICTORY.

Democracy is giggling in its boots these days because of the dissention in the ranks of the Republican party. In the South they figure that they have a chance to carry several of the Western States on the account of the attitude taken by the insurgents in these States. Of course that the South will remain Democratic to the core goes without saying. The East is somewhat of a puzzle up to date. Maryland is a problem and if we are able to carry that State, we may justly feel proud that we have accomplished something worth while. New Jersey bids fair to give but little trouble and Delaware, it is thought, will be on the right side of the ledger when the roll is called in November. New York is in the throes of an almost political regeneration, and it will take some good work to get things in shape where they will present a promising appearance. Now as to the West, there is where we may expect Colonel Roosevelt to cut some ice. If there is any section of the country which believes in him, it is the great Golden West, and anybody will have a hard time upsetting his calculations out there. It is to be hoped that some measure may be adopted whereby both the insurgents and the regulars may meet on a common ground, settle amicably their differences and present an unbroken front to the common enemy.

AN ECHO FROM THE BIG FIGHT.

Muldoon, Brady, Corbett and numerous others have written up reams of paper since the big fight, attempting to explain, and, at the same time, justify, the defeat of Mr. Jeffries at the hands of Johnson at Reno, Nev., on July 4, last. Mr. Little, Johnson's former manager, has jumped into the limelight with so many accusations, that the general public is not loathe to believe any of them for they seem off color. The fact is, if Mr. Little had knowledge of these things then and did not reveal them he was a party to the crime and this is a late—a very late—date to spring them on the public. After all, the daddy of them all, the man who every sporting man votes to be one of the squarest on earth, gives the real reason for the defeat and you will find that reason to be not so much a lack of condition on the part of Mr. Jeffries as the superb condition of Mr. Johnson. The following is from the Evening Star, of Washington, D. C., under date of July 13, 1910, and in it, through Mr. O'Rourke, Mr. Delaney gives out clearly the reason for the defeat of Mr. Jeffries, and he knows more about Jeffries and more about conditioning men for these encounters than all the rest combined:

WHAT DELANEY SAID.

"Delaney told me," said O'Rourke yesterday, "that Jeffries wanted to quit in the fifth round of his first fight with Fitzsimmons and again in the eighteenth round of his battle with Sharkey at Coney Island. Delaney also told me that if Jeffries ever met a man his own size and weight who could fight better than the average he would be defeated. I remember when Jeffries boxed in this city for the first time more than ten years ago. He couldn't stop Armstrong in ten rounds, and then didn't have nerve enough to meet poor old Steve O'Donnell the same night. I told him that little George Dixon had knocked O'Donnell out, but that made no difference. Jeffries, who said his thumb was hurt, refused to fight, and in so doing he made me believe he didn't have the right sort of nerve.

"From that time I always insisted that Jeffries was greatly overrated. He licked Fitzsimmons because the latter was fifty pounds lighter and was overconfident. Corbett wasn't strong enough for him and Sharkey was forty pounds lighter. Johnson therefore was the first man of Jeff's size the latter ever met, and as soon as Jeff found that he was up against it he lost confidence in himself. As a matter of fact Jeffries never saw the day he could beat this black man.

Says the Baltimore Sun: It is not the well to do who pay the highest profits, Mr. Wilson states, but the poor who buy the lower grades of beef. * * * It is the history of nearly every industry that when a trust or combination secures control or commands enough power to dictate, prices are increased without reference to supply and demand. A trust generally charges "all the traffic will bear."

A striking case in which the benefits derived from the farm gardens are shown is that of a Germantown widow, cites the Philadelphia Inquirer, who has supported herself and six children since the death of her husband last year and has supplied her table almost entirely from the truck she herself has raised. There are many other similar cases, and it is said that the Vacant Lots Cultivation Society which is responsible for the distribution of these little "farms" is very much gratified with the results obtained. More lots are needed, however, and this is a charity that weust appeal to every one. It is also hoped that the scope of the work may be broadened to the extent the society wishes.

Whenever a cable message is sent to an inland city, it is necessary to transcribe the message from the cable receiver and re-transmit it by hand over the land lines to its point of destination. Heretofore it has been impossible to send a message directly to the inland city by means of relay connection with the overland wires, for the reason that the cable signals are of too fluctuating a character and too sensitive to operate an ordinary telegraph relay. Recently, notes the Scientific American, a system has been devised which promises to make direct connection between the cable and telegraph systems commercially practicable. A very sentive relay is used, and the character of the signal is changed so as to obviate the usual fluctuations. By means of this new system a cable message was recently sent from Canso, Nova Scotia, to New York, a distance of 800 miles, and here relayed to Chicago.

Every schoolboy is taught to respect the hardships that the fathers of the Republic endured, boasts the New York World. The campaign orator eloquently describes the rise of a Jackson, a Lincoln or a Garfield from obscure poverty to immortal fame. But it would be folly to blink the fact that their poverty was quite a different poverty from the kind that produces the public necessity for hundreds of thousands of free Christmas dinners. Lincoln was poor, but it was a self-respecting, self-reliant poverty that neither needed nor would have accepted charity. It was a poverty that could feed itself and clothe itself. It was not the poverty of a great city, where earning a living has come to be regarded not as a right, but as a privilege; where the employer looks upon himself as a benefactor in allowing the employe to sell labor to him, and the man who can no longer keep the pace is cast aside as ruthlessly as any piece of antiquated machinery. It was Garfield who said that the Republic is opportunity. When it has ceased to be opportunity it will no longer be the Republic, whatever the form of government. It is still opportunity and still the Republic, but how far and has fast has Privilege encroached upon the opportunity that is vital to free institutions? Cannot the extent of this encroachment fairly be measured in the multiplication of free Christmas dinners to the hungry and homeless?

OUT IN THE SUNSHINE.

Let's sorter git out in the sunshine an' breathe the free air as it blows;
There's comfort enough in the sunshine for all of our troubles an' woes;
Out in the joy o' the weather—free as the light o' the day—
Let's sorter git out in the sunshine an' walk in the sunshiny way.

Let's sorter git out in the sunshine an' think that we're blest in the light;
Kiss hands to our troubles an' tell 'em a world full o' troubles ain't right;
The river is alus a-singin' a mighty sweet song as it goes;
There's armsful o' happiness hidin' in places where nobody knows!

The world's full o' beauty an' blessin'; though Sorrow seems havin' her way
The tears that we shed at her biddin' are kissed by the angels away;
The harvests are ripe for the reapin', an' green is the pathway an' bright
To the souls that are out in the sunshine an' goin' the way o' the light!

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

By EMMA PLATT GUYTON.

Xenil Edmonston stepped on to the railway platform just as Burke Rodney, accompanied by his wife and little son, drove up. Unobserved, but curiously, Edmonston watched Mrs. Rodney as, after kissing the boy tenderly, unassisted by her husband, she climbed out of the carriage.

"We'll come for you to-night, mamma!" called the child.

The husband, however, gave only a surly grunt to her cheerful response, first to the lad, then to him.

"Good-by, sweetheart! Good-by, Burke!"

"The brute!" muttered Edmonston, and drew farther back upon the platform, that she might not feel humiliated by the immediate knowledge that he had witnessed the singular parting.

It was not till she had purchased her ticket and stepped out on to the platform to await the coming train that Edmonston ventured to approach her. The flush which her husband's boorish reply and manner had caused still suffused her face, but she advanced with a smile and an outstretched hand to greet him.

Xenil Edmonston was known for his brotherly kindness and devotion to all women, but it was with more than his accustomed chivalry that he took into both his own the hand that Helen Rodney offered. Her face paled slightly, and he felt the hand he so warmly grasped tremble as he said:

"It is a long time since we last met, Helen. How have you been?"

There was a world of tenderness in the voice that questioned. Sympathy is the open sesame to the gates of long pent up emotion. Poor, patient, suffering Helen Rodney could not withstand it. The tears flooded her eyes till they blinded her sight. The thunder of the approaching train rang in her ears, but above it all the whispered words:

"Forgive me," from Xenil Edmonston, sounded like the music of earlier, happier years.

Carefully shielding her from observation, he handed her into a private compartment of a parlor car, and with a word of excuse, left her to find the porter.

Dominated as she was by a series of emotions of which self commiseration was not the least, the tact and gentleness of the man appealed most forcibly to her gratitude and sense of admiration. When, later, he returned and took a seat beside her, she turned her eyes bravely to his as she said:

"I am very glad of this meeting, Xenil, though you have discovered the skeleton in my closet."

"I suspected its existence long ago; for public gossip, though not remarkable for its veracity, is not without some foundation in truth. So, Helen, I have longed to see you and learn the facts from your own lips. I resolved, however, not to plan nor force a meeting, but calmly to await fate's own good time. I was sure it would come. Do you remember our last rendezvous, before your engagement to Rodney was publicly announced? As I told you then I tell you now—sooner or later our lives must run together. You laughed at the idea, though you half recognized your deeper love for me. I saw that you must learn your lesson by experience, which meant marriage with Rodney, with whom you were dazzled, infatuated, and thought yourself irrevocably in love. I knew you better than you knew yourself. Helen, dearest, though a cruel one, is not the lesson learned? Are you not ready to cast off the degrading shackles that bind you and come to me?"

A startled, frightened look came into her eyes, but the indignation she should have felt was absent, although she drew herself slightly away from him.

"There, Helen, don't misunderstand me! I am neither a libertine nor a scoundrel, as you know, and being a lawyer, shall abide by legal measures. To put the matter plainly and perhaps bluntly, I want your permission to obtain a divorce for you from Burke Rodney on the ground of cruelty. I then desire to make you my wife according to civil law, as you are now in the sight of a higher but generally unrecognized one — that of God."

His voice thrilled her with an indescribable tenderness as he pronounced the last words. She knew all he said was true. Seven years before they had been sweethearts. There had been no definite engagement, but a tacit understanding existed between them that some day they would be husband and wife.

Xenil was a struggling young lawyer then, just out from college. Burke Rodney came between them with the glamour of his wealth, and the voluptuous, impetuous nature that made what he desired immediately his own. In less than six months from their meeting Helen became his wife, and repented at leisure. A year after marriage a child was born, the little Philip, and in him she had her only comfort and happiness.

The impetuosity she had once taken for an evidence of love seemed now a wild recklessness that terminated in the most passionate outbursts of temper if she crossed her husband's will, however unintentionally.

If she expressed a desire that did not accord with his mood, he burst upon her with violent and abusive language. The presence of the boy was no restraint, and Helen reached a point where she felt a tragedy was imminent. Such scenes between them would at least ruin the character and disposition of the boy. The utter inharmony of their natures was becoming more apparent daily. Often her very presence seemed not only to irritate but infuriate him. He was an open admirer of other women. In her opinion such a marriage was only a mockery, and had it not been for the boy, she would have terminated it long before. Her own disposition was becoming erratic, and at times a rebelliousness against her lot took absolute possession of her.

Now, at a time when her domestic troubles seemed to have reached a climax, Love came and whispered to her the old, sweet strain. The feeling she thought dead leaped again to life. Could she, dared she, face the scandal that such a separation would create? And Philip—what of him? This thought caused her to gasp for breath as she asked—

"What would it all mean for—for Philip?"

"You should have the boy, if possible; if not, you would probably be permitted to have him with you occasionally. That would be much better for him than the scenes he must constantly be forced to witness between his father and mother."

"Ah, yes, yes! It is killing me and ruining him. I will consider the matter and then let you know. You return to-night, do you not?"

"Yes; I have important business which will require my attention the entire day. I presume you are up for

Speaker Cannon's Rules For Happy Living.

"HONOR thy father and mother.
"Take no thought for the morrow and don't worry.
"Work, work, work with hands, feet, legs, and brain.
"Learn to sing, no matter how miserably.
"Sing and laugh and keep on a-keepin' on."

shopping. I will meet you, however, at the train to-night."

It was a peculiar day for Helen Rodney. Amid the rush and tumult of the city, thoughts of Philip, Burke, and home dissensions, mingled curiously with dry goods, millinery, love, and Xenil Edmonston.

At last the day was over, and once again she and Xenil were together. Even now his presence seemed to her a comfort and protection.

"Well, what is the decision?" he gravely queried.

"I cannot decide immediately. Give me time, Xenil."

"As much as you like, Helen; but I see the end. Therefore, will you not allow me to call occasionally, simply as a friend?"

She gave him her hand in consent. He pressed it deferentially to his lips, then carefully arranged some pillows for her to rest upon, and taking a newspaper from his pocket commenced to read; and so, in silence, they made the short journey home.

The weeks that followed seemed interminably long to Helen, and her moods and methods of reasoning were various. For hours at a time she would consider the proposed measures from a strictly orthodox and conventional point of view, until a species of insanity seemed to possess her. This would be followed by a rebellious mood—which for a woman is particularly dangerous; for if temptation comes to her at such a moment, she may in desperation yield to it. Fortunately, Xenil Edmonston was not the man to take advantage of such moments. He intended she should make the decision for herself with what deliberation she should desire, and in a natural frame of mind. Then, whatever occurred, she could not censure either herself or him.

At these periods of mental insurrection, Helen felt like immediate and open rebellion against those regulations and customs of society which some inherent but pristine sense, dominated as unnatural and false. Yet she knew that she was still thrall to a heritage of social claims and obligations. She despised herself that this was so, and wondered if she would ever become sufficiently strong to break what she felt to be a degrading bondage.

Perhaps the narrowness of those with whom she came in daily contact irritated her to constant self-analysis, so that she seemed an inhabitant of a world apart.

It was only the occasional visits of Xenil Edmonston that partially restored her to the humanity about her. He was in no wise a part of it, but it was doubtless the kinship that existed between them that made her, in his presence, feel less isolated.

Perhaps her husband suspected what was going on in her mind. At all events, he had never been so frankly brutal. There were times when she feared personal violence. Once she said to him, in desperation:

"Rodney, I believe you hate me. Let us go our separate ways. Set me free!"

For years she remembered the terrible scene that ensued—the man's coarse accusations and insults. In horror she fled from him. And this ruffian was the father of her child! If the day should come when Philip trod in the steps of his sire, she felt her heart would break.

A long, miserable year dragged by. Then Helen became desperate, and gave Edmonston the answer he desired. It was sent in a characteristic little note which read simply:

"I have decided to place my case in your hands and trust my future to your care. HELEN."

Without delay Edmonston repaired to Mr. Rodney, whom he found alone and at leisure. A cool greeting was exchanged between the two men, and then the lawyer launched into the object of his visit. He stated his case clearly and concisely. The love he had borne Helen for years previous to her marriage, the sympathy he had felt at the unhappiness of her wedded life, which was public talk, his desire to make her his wife, if Rodney would permit a quiet divorce without contest, was told in a straightforward, manly way.

To say that Rodney was dazed, bewildered, at the proposition is but a mild way of stating his mental condition. He was speechless for a moment, during which time every vestige of color disappeared from his face. Then he asked:

"Helen knows of this?"

"Yes"

"And it is her wish to leave me?"

"Yes."

Rodney's eyes burned with anger as he deliebrately replied:

"I am not a man to hold any woman against her will. If, as you think, you can make this one happy, take her and welcome; but not the boy. She will never be allowed intercourse with Philip, and he shall not be allowed to recognize her as his mother. She shall be an outcast to him. Do you understand?"

"But this is doing her a grave injustice, Mr. Rodney. The whole world knows she is an unloved wife—"

"As I am an unloved husband. Does your world know that, too? Helen has always held herself above me. Let her go her high and holy way—I wish you joy of her!"

He turned shortly to his desk.

"That is all. Good-day."

Edmonston was forced to leave without further attempt at argument. Indeed, he felt it useless to try to revoke Rodney's decision; and in his heart he could not blame the man for clinging to his son. It would be a terrible blow to Helen to learn she must lose her boy, and it was with many misgivings he proceeded on his way to her. Would she not endure anything rather than a separation from Philip? Would not the mother-love in this extremity rise supreme over that of the woman for her lover? It had seemed that her affection was deeper than that of most mothers, for in her almost intolerable matrimonial life, Philip had been the only object for the expenditure of her love.

Great, then, was Edmonston's surprise at the calmness with which she listened and her evident preparation for the result of the interview.

"I knew he would strike me through Philip," she said. "I know his cruel nature. I am prepared to accept the condition. Philip, if he lives to become a man, will leave me some day for another woman. It is nature's law. Have I not seen scores of sorrowing mothers hunger for a crumb of a son's love, thrown without reserve at the feet of a stranger? The day will come when I shall be alone in my suffering. Rodney hates me, Philip will forget. I have decided. Take me, Xenil!"

By a subtle chain of reasoning she had thought the matter out to the end, and the decision at which she arrived was as unalterable as the law of the Medes and Persians.

Before her husband returned that night Helen was on her way to the adjoining city, where she lived quietly until her divorce was obtained, when she was married to Xenil Edmonston. But in spite of his now wide influence and wealth, she was completely ignored by the society in which she had formerly reigned as queen. Women, mothers particularly, do not readily forgive child desertion; in spite of Rodney's well known cruelty to her, public sympathy was entirely with him and the boy. Before the expiration of a year after she became Mrs. Edmonston, Xenil was forced to sell, at a sacrifice, his large and lucrative practice, and move away.

Only once was the name of his mother mentioned between Philip and his father. Several years later, when the lad had reached an understanding age, Rodney related to him the story of Helen's desertion, coloring the facts to suit himself. He listened in silence, with flushing face, kissed his father tenderly and walked quietly out of the room. Truly he had inherited all of his mother's reserve and decision.

The story reached Helen's ears, and when, a few years later, she met Philip—now almost a man—upon the streets of the city in which she lived, he passed her coldly and without recognition. However, she was aware he knew she was his mother.

Xenil Edmonston was always kindness and devotion itself to his beautiful wife. And she? Did his love compensate her for the social ostracism, and, more than all, for the loss of her boy, with his respect and love? Helen ever remained silent on the subject; so who can tell?—Waverley Magazine.

A Smooth One.

"You say he was brought up in a refining atmosphere?"

"Yes; as a boy he lived in the oil districts of Pennsylvania."

It is estimated that more than four thousand cars will be required to market this year's $2,000,000 peach crop of Georgia.

Down in the Jungle.

There was once a fuzzy old Hindoo,
Who said, "I make mighty thin clothes do;
Fact is, in July,
When the mercury's high,
I often make just my old skin do!"
—Louis Schneider, in Lippincott's.

A Definition.

"What is a parasol?"

"A parasol is just an umbrella that you never think of borrowing."—Boston Transcript.

More Substantial.

Poet—"Oh, for the wings of a dove!"

Lady—"Looks as if the wings of a fowl would suit you better."—Pele Mele.

Poultry Art.

"Why did they quarrel?"

"He made fun of her chantecler hat. Said it ought to be trimmed with boiled potatoes and dumplings."—Washington Star.

And Yet We Wonder at Crime.

Fuddy—"The name Smith dates away back, I understand. Can you tell me when it was first used?"

Duddy—"No; probably its origin is Smithical."—Boston Transcript.

An Old Friend.

Maybelle—"See the beautiful engagement ring Jack gave me last night."

Estelle—"Gee! Has that just got around to you?"—Cleveland Leader.

Applying Scripture.

Ethel (who, calling at the vicarage with her mother, has sighed for some time at a bowl of apples without result)—"I say, Mr. Browne, let's pretend I'm Eve and you're Satan."—Punch.

The First Compulsory.

Riggs—"Feeling out of sorts and been to a doctor, eh? No doubt he told you you must give up something."

Briggs—"Yes, $2 and smoking."—Boston Transcript.

Unlucky Title.

Maud—"I got this novel to send to Mr. Baerdohm for his birthday."

Ethel—"What's the title of it?"

Maud—"'The Lost Heir.'"

Ethel—"Don't do it. He's bald."—Boston Transcript.

Making It Final.

Master—"John, it's just possible a gentleman may call and inquire for me; if he does, say I've gone away."

Servant—"Hadn't I better say run away, sir? Else perhaps he'll come back."—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Other Way About.

Wife—"The landlord was here today, and I gave him the rent and showed him the baby."

Husband—"Next time he comes around just show him the rent and give him the baby."—Puck.

A Mistake.

"How did that man become so distressingly involved in a breach of promise suit?" asked one woman.

"Petty economy," replied the other. "Insisted on writing his own valentines instead of buying them at the stationer's."—Washington Star.

Reformation.

"You say you are a reformer?"

"Yep," replied the local boss; "of the deepest dye."

"But you were not always so."

"No. The reformers reformed our town last year, and I want to reform it back again."—Washington Star.

So Careless of Them.

Blunderby (with newspaper)—"This is sad. A man has fallen over a precipice and broken his neck."

Mrs. Blunderby—"Dear, dear! Ain't it awful how folks will leave things lying around for other folks to trip over?"—Boston Transcript.

Prevention.

"Do you believe that music prevents crime?"

"To a certain extent," replied Mr. Sinnick. "When a man keeps both hands and his breath busy with a cornet, you know he can't be picking pockets, attempting homicide or slandering his neighbors."—Washington Star.

A Hard Moment.

"Well, Jim," said Bingleton, as he proudly showed off his first-born, "what do you think of that for a kid?"

"He's some kid, all right, all right," returned Jim, unemotionally.

"Think he looks like me, old man?" persisted Bingleton.

"H'm! Well—er—ah—hum—well Bill—well, old pal, to tell the truth I'm afraid he does!" replied the embarrassed Jim.—Harper's.

Sugar alone will sustain life for a considerable time.

The most valuable pipe in the world is the state pipe of the Shah of Persia. It is set with precious stones and is worth $400,000.

In Germany marriages by any foreign consular officer are strictly prohibited—except where they are special treaty stipulations.

Copenhagen is plagued with rats and it has been made a criminal offense to breed rodents for the purpose of securing the bounty offer for rat tails.

The first Catholic church built in New York was erected in 1786 at Barclay and Church streets, where St. Peter's now stands. The first Roman Catholic priest settled in New York in 1683; it was not until 1784 that full religious liberty was established.

Rubber production in the Malay peninsula has increased remarkably in the last two years; from 100,000 acres planted with Para rubber in 1907 to 240,000 acres in 1909. The world's supply of rubber in 1909 was 17,000 tons, an increase of 5000 tons over 1908.

One of the great English railways is installing a compact railway ticket printing machine. When a ticket for a certain station is required the clerk touches an indicator, which carries the name of the station, slips a blank into a slot, turns a handle and the completed ticket drops out. At the same time a record of the sale is printed on a continuous strip of paper, together with the fare and all information required for bookkeeping.

Personal Worth.

By PRESIDENT W. H. P. FAUNCE, of Brown University.

Our country has been obsessed by the idea of success. We have as a nation made the soulless maxims of Poor Richard an appendix to our Bible, and have worshiped at the shrine of thrift rather than the altar of service. We have too frequently admired results regardless of methods, and have believed that a man is justified in choosing any road he will, provided he "gets there." It is time for us to reclaim the finer and higher ideals of personal worth which were once dominant in the life of the Republic, supplementing these earlier ideals with the later truth that personal worth is acquired in and through social service.

College men and women can make no finer contribution to the life of their generation than by insistence that the laws already accepted as the basis of the single human life shall prevail as the basis of national life also. Let them resist the frenzied appeals for battleships made by the agents of those who want to build them. Let them show to the world that America, in its union of sovereign States, great and small, rich and poor, in one indissoluble republic, presents a model for a vaster federation of civilized nations, all leagued together to prevent any one from violating the peace and progress of all. Let no college graduate sleep cosily in one little corner of world's effort and fail to aid in achieving the greatest task now before humanity. Let every man who calls himself in any measure educated help to banish the craze for greater armament and to establish henceforth the obligatory arbitration of all international disputes.